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Original Poetry.

Written for the Portland Transcript.

CONSOLATION.

BY FREDERICK PERCY.

Now listen, ah listen me; I have said to love
All the while remembering your lips have said—
Well! mourn, but yet they fell upon my ear
As yellow leaves might strike about my head—
Now leave me with my dead.

I would not be ungrateful, friends—but still
Your kind comforting cannot console me,
This aching void, which needs can never fill,
Shows your perfect comfort utterly,
As broken and vain.

They are sensible physicians, who would bind
A bleeding wound, and point to what will aid,
While yet the nerve-laid pressure behind—
This only, shows yet the ready life-drops bold,
Mocks your untold aid.

You tell me God is thine I mourn, is given
Fresh bliss to souls like mine—I'm sure you're right,
He loves us angel in the whole of heaven,
In all the shining circle of worshipers,
Can take my place in thine!

Can he be happy while I grieve and plain?
Can he rejoice, and I be sorrow?
Then he is changed, and is no longer mine—
For he so loving me that he could not be
Of such—only thou and I.

If I had died and left him here below,
Not all the glories of a heavenly birth
Could make me blest, if he were weak in woe—
For were mortal affections, crushed as ours,
Heaven would be little worth.

And yet you say that I should be glad and pious,
For from this life was ushered sinless,
And, when my earthly pilgrimage shall cease,
Will press and meet me at Love's outer gate!
"In silence," you say, "and well."

Well! God I own the Scripture, and doubt not
What thine the eyes whose brains not my soul,
That spiritual knower, who again visiting me
Also, I hear or heavenward proclaimed,
No sadness to that gift.

Ah, no! the dead is yet upon my cheek,
And in my wild ear is vigorous remain yet,
Adown my hair those silence are waving, stirred,
And the sweet sadness which you point to thy
Seems only for away.

Another tells me that the loves on still,
Soon, soon, when the dead through life's journey
Have,
While I, despite my yearning sense and will,
Am blind and deaf, and do life duty love wrong,
By waiting of the Lord.

What does it comfort me, if still he walks
Beside me at the noble, humbly?
What does it help me, that a dear ghost moves
Round mine with unseen embrace? I fail to see
What comfort it may be.

There is no solace, though he may dwell in blest,
Let it be great, let it be true, the best,
The richest, and the other emphatic term
Besides me. Comfort!—Find the grave-mate
there,
And bring my darling back!

Select Tale.

MY NOSE.

For away back in the days of early childhood I remember being gazed upon in a curious manner, and hearing the remark in a suppressed tone, "Poor child! she has a nose!" Whether it was expected of me to have one or not, or whether the appendage I couldn't exactly understand; especially as in looking around upon the circle of my friends and acquaintances I saw that they were all well provided in this respect.

Vague hints and mysterious remarks upon this unfortunate feature threw a sort of cloud over my early years, and the final mortification that I ever experienced arose from the same cause.

I was then at the sensitive age of eleven years, and at a child's party a little boy, whom I had distinguished by calling him up to entertain me from "the wall," unpeeled a kiss upon the end of my nose amid the tittering of his companions. A quick, angry flush shot through me, and from that time forward the unpleasant consciousness that I had indeed a "nose" never left me.

Why a machine for the suspension of extensive noses should not be a remunerative operation I was at a loss to conceive, and that it should one of these days be attempted I was fully determined. Which, therefore, I read Miss Beecher's "Home," it was the disagreeable overthrow of a long cherished plan. I perused the history of Petrea Byrn, and the failure of her admirably arranged plan for reducing the nasal organ to a proper proportion of despair.

My nose was a never-ending source of amusement to a family of cousins, who gave me no peace of my life. There were five of them—all girls, all handsome, and full of life and spirits. I was very fond of them, and I believe they were of me; but never would restrain their jokes at my expense. Poor things! They were motherless; and if they sometimes bathed their softened and sensitiveness of those more favored, I was not disposed to be unforgiving.

Uncle Athorpe was a bachelor, and his pretty daughters, when they arrived to young ladyhood, were in a fair way of being spoiled with adulation. They were beautiful, those girls—Celestine, the eldest was a perfect type of southern beauty—dark complexion, dark hair, dark flashing eyes and nonsplit face—a picture to be studied. Then came Isabella, who always played "Rowena," in all the tableaux; a tall, graceful blonde, with an air and step unacknowledged, that on entering a room it may sensibly there was always a "sensation" when she "appeared." Louise was a piquant little thing, with the look of a sylph about her, and a voice like music when she spoke—with color glowing through the olive skin.

Matilda was my special favorite; and I who have always been an ardent admirer of beauty, was sufficiently aware her's a kind of vivified rapture. Bright, laughing and lovely, she was seldom still for two consecutive minutes. I have watched her dip her hand in a basin of water, and cast the rich, dark hair, with a tinge of the sun, would emerge one dripping mass of spirit-sparkling moisture, shook with the most apocalyptic of vexatious beauty. Those large, laughing brown eyes were always flashing with merriment, her mouth was the merriest approach to a ripe cherry that I have ever yet seen, and her nose was just enough upturned to give an expression of sedulous to the face. Add to this the engaging figure, and wonder that accompanies nature has—gale, except when emotion called the color to the face or a pain pressed on her cheek gave it the appearance of a fresh rose-leaf—and you have a lengthy but truthful description of my cousin Matilda. I never saw my one half so beautiful.

Last of all, there was Billy; who having been handed over to an ancient aunt of her father's, to be reared on a strict code of piety and morality, was substituted by that lady "Hillegerah." Billy was the baby, and from the moment of her birth, such a way of throwing herself on one's protection that she always came off a victor in the end party. Very fair, white eyes, with the reddest of red lips, and the brightest of complexions, and very brown hair, but very little cousin Hillegerah.

Any one of those girls had sufficient attractions for half a dozen ordinary belles; then what was poor I, with my unfortunate nose, to do among five of them? Fiercely what I did. And like the Beast, to which they all played the part of Beauty had wonder what was ever to be done with my nose.

Uncle Athorpe lived at some distance from us; and one day after I had left school and considered myself a young lady, I received the following unceremonious letter from him:

"For goodness sake, Betsy (I had the name of Rebecca added to my nose) do come and see us—I suppose you had at the least idea where we had located for the summer; but you can't think how delighted and romantic it is! I should scarcely be more surprised if Noah's Ark had been discovered and fitted up for us; but that wouldn't be half so charming as to be in this old mansion. It is said to be haunted, too! A queer old woman, Miss Hannah Pyott, who outlived all her family, owned this place and died lately. A nephew used to live with her, and people suppose that the place would be his; but they couldn't find any will, and all the connections went to her share. Of course some of them could live in it until it was settled; so when it belonged to no one, has taken it for the summer, and here we all are! It's the queerest place you ever saw; do come to see. There is a portrait of Miss Hannah or her, and it looks just like you—she has the funniest nose!"

This is but an extract from my pretty cousin's rather incoherent letter, and by the time I had finished the epistle I was pretty well mystified. But uncle Athorpe soon made his appearance, and begged me, said, to escort me to Pinehurst, and Billy said me a many messages to "pack up my things and come right off."

I was not long in making preparations; and with a heart beating high with joy and anticipation, I set forth with uncle Athorpe.

"Now, Rebecca," said my uncle, as we were comfortably seated in the railway carriage, "that the girls have been like a parcel of wild Indians ever since they heard of the place in use."

"Oh, sir; I am not easily frightened."

"No?" said my uncle, looking at me with additional respect; "well, I like that in a woman. I have now been inducted a client load."

"Then your nose again! Why couldn't he let it alone!

"Perhaps you are half hearty themselves with fear, he continued; "there is a story that the house is haunted; there's a walled up room; a gentleman once kept his daughter there for loving a young officer; the girl died, and went nigh out all that I have frightened you."

"Not in the least, sir; I don't believe in ghosts."

"That's a sensible girl," said my uncle, complacently; just as though it were a special thing she, for he said very little more during the journey.

I kept a sharp look out for a glimpse of the home; but it was nearly night when we arrived at the station, and I could see my uncle's carriage was not in attendance. A distance of two or three miles, however, in the carriage snapped at an ancient gateway, and the first sight of the place filled me with delight. The house was entirely out of sight, hidden by the trees, and we approached it through a noble avenue. A glorious in the dense redevement around us. Once in the avenue, we seemed shut in from the world; and the old trees, with the dipping laws, and the aristocratic silence, were quite new to me. The house was a palace for mystery, and my uncle's summer residence was exceedingly mysterious.

We were within a few rods of the broad steps when the five Graces rushing to receive us. Oh, the grand old hall! It did my heart good to see it. Everything was lofty and spacious, and on the old fashioned furniture had been left undisturbed the room presented a perfect picture of a century ago, and dear me, how's heads, and all sorts of queer designs stared upon me from all directions. But my five cousins would not allow me much time for a quiet survey.

"Why, Becky!" exclaimed Matilda, after regarding me with considerable astonishment, "you're really grown pretty!"

"So you have!" chimed in Billy; "I declare you now hardly shows at all!"

This was not meant to imply that the organ in question was no small to be seen, but only that its unsteadily gift was not quite so prominent as it had hitherto been.

"I like to look at your nose, Becky," said Celestine, graciously.

I had rather a decent mouth.

"What have you been doing to make your eyes so bright?" asked Joan. My way of talking her confusion.

"Well!" exclaimed Imaan, "you've left me nothing to say; but I prophesy that Becky will win an old nut yet."

I was beginning to feel extremely foolish, when uncle Athorpe turned me gravely round, and surveying me from head to foot remarked, "Imaan is always bright. Upon good, neither fat nor lean; hair very pretty; eyes fine, a straightforward honest look in them now—not there's a prudential subject; mouth just what a mouth should be; chin very pretty—I love to see a pretty chin; complexion delicate, yet healthy; expression modest, but sensible. You'll do."

"Do what?" I inquired.

Matilda and I escaped the room soon, and she amused herself with relating to me all the various absurdities they had experienced, with the benevolent intention of frightening me. But I remained perfectly unconcerned, while my cousin involuntarily trembled, and believed like the veritable heroine around them.

Several times during the night was I compelled to rise from the couch and explore the apartment, in order to allay her fearful fears. Now it was the large bureau, in which something was certainly moving —then the room sent an unusual light on the room—and again I was always popping on the window pane had to be explained. This somewhat puzzled me at first, but I soon discovered that she branches of the trees, which were very near the window, threw down moonlight in the wind against the glass, and thus produced the perplexing noise.

Again and again, as I laughed at poor Matilda, was I thankful for not being a coward, and in the midst of their alarms I could have explored the whole house from cellar to garret myself.

I enjoyed life at Pinehurst, although the gloom pronounced it dull; and consequently was I with the plans, that in consequence of this and my reluctance to the person I became upon a standing joke with my cousins to call me Miss Eleanor Pyott—for that was my name, indeed. I was very sensitive respecting my nose, and Miss Eleanor's certainly was a little larger than mine. When, therefore they began to do me some old honest that had been dispensed at the top of the house, and arrange my hair in puffs, I declared affording them this gratification, for which they were duly thankful.

The veiled up chamber, which was regarded with a certain awe by horror and curiosity, was soon pointed out to me. It was in a sort of wing that joined on at the extreme end of the house, and looked out upon the densest part of the grounds. Being in the second story, a narrow flight of steps led up from the outside to a low door that opened directly into the room. This door was never unlocked, and the one window was tightly boarded up. I regarded such a room with longing eyes, and often proposed an exploration of the haunted apartment; but then Uncle Athorpe decidedly opposed, alleging that as he was only a temporary tenant he had no right to penetrate into those carefully guarded recesses.

One day my cousins had been more than usually aggravating upon the subject of

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my resemblance to Miss Elsmere! I retired to rest at night in no very pleasant frame of mind. Matilda was soon asleep, but I lay awake thinking of the former occupants of the mansion, and wondering if Tyrrel Dunsmere would ever be restored to what I considered his rightful position.

I was restless; and finally rose from the bed, lighting a candle, proceeded to view Miss Elsmere's portrait. The more I looked the more I became convinced that I did look like it; and the desire came over me to arrive myself in that ancient dress and compare notes. Billy had caught a glimpse of some old-fashioned things in the back part of a deep closet, and thither I accordingly repaired. A folded dress of stiff brocade, that had evidently seen long service, save nearly my whole wrapper, and having rolled my hair into puffs, a la Miss Elsmere, I donned a green calash and almost mustered up my resolution to face the glass.

I looked at the portrait again, to be sure that it was really I, and not the old lady stepped from the frame; and then unhesitatingly directing my steps towards the stuffed pig room, I determined to see if it were possible to effect an entrance there.

It was a ridiculous expedition, but I wished gravely on through the silent passage until I came to a narrow little corner that opened into a closet. Carefully guarding my candle, I peered around in search of some outlet, for I knew that the closet was in the rear of the house near the mysterious chamber.

The narrowness of my quarters caused a rustling to the opposite portion of my dress, and shoving forth a roll of paper, I groped it tightly for future investigation. My candle was not brilliant enough or I should before have discovered a sort of board window at the end of the closet. This was secured by hooks, that were entirely unfastened, and then I found myself in a small room, from the further end of which seemed to proceed a light.

I was staggered, and my first impulse was to turn back; but resolving to inquire into the cause of this strange phenomenon, I proceeded unfalteringly forward. I could not have told what I expected to see, but I certainly was not prepared for what I did met met my eyes.

The room into which I entered led to a large one, and as this, seated by a table, was a gentleman, completely absorbed in the perusal of some old yellow letters. His face was in expression of sadness as to set there; but I could see that he was a very distinguished looking and quite young.

The attention in which I found myself was extremely embarrassing—there was but a skylight; but instead of retracing my steps I stood spell bound, staring at the occupant of the mysterious room.

Presently he turned and saw me. His face grew white, to be enclosed in a hasty voice, "Am I dreaming? Mortiful Heaven that am!"

The supernatural attack upon my much injured features quite exasperated me, and without stopping to consider what I did, I threw the paper in my hand at the speakerand glided back to the closet. I thought that I heard a noisy fall; but now that the ungilly alarmed at my own impudence, I hastened, breathless and panting to my room.

My cousin still slept; and divesting myself of my masquerading attire, I sat down and pondered over my singular adventure. As I had said my mind I did not believe in ghosts, and the gentleman whom I encountered had given full evidence of being a living man. Billy believed it to be Tyrrel Dunmore; though how he came there and for what reason, I could not tell. I had evidently impressed him with the conviction that he had been visited by his Aunt Eleanor; and with a sort of melancholy sigh, and a little inward trembling, I retired to bed, wondering what would come of it.

I had feared to go in the breakfast table; but nothing was said of the performance of the night before; Uncle Aldhorpe looked perfectly monotonous of the scene that had been enacted, and I began to breathe freely.

My cousins teased me during the day for being so unusually silent; but my thoughts were wandering off to the melancholy looking gentleman, and I wondered what had become of him. It would not do to trust the girls with my secret; for they would laugh at me, and declare that I had been dreaming, and that I was, after all, as great a coward as themselves.

I stole off to the closet that was immediately under the boarded window; but all looked dark and deserted as before, and almost asked myself if I had not imagined the whole affair.

Uncle Aldhorpe went to town every morning, and returned at night; but always, after dinner, he was busy engaged with a host of questions respecting Tyrrel Dunmere's case. The usual reply was that it was standing still—everything in her waywise; but on the evening succeeding my adventure he made a remark that caused a countenance that was a perfect series of notes of exclamation.

"Something very fine," was demanded, in five different keys; but as unaccountable remarks required no further exclamation.

"The strangest story I ever listened to!" said my uncle, at length, in a solemn manner, "and I can't possibly account for it."

"Why," continued the voluble Emma, "as if all Miss Pitt supposed to her self, and told Ella, in a sepulchral voice, where to find her will."

"Something very like it," was the reply, in a tone that drew five eager faces closer around him.

"Dunmere's story," continued my uncle, "began with an epilogy. It seems that the wicked uncle was not without a will, but only boarded, and to one acquainted with the locality it was not difficult to effect an entrance, impersonized, from the outside, by breaking, he said, how it would not have been with the arrangements of the house; he has been accustomed to spend hours in what was the dining room, and the chance led him to sit, thinking of the past, and despondingly, meant to open the letter from the beloved house. Last night, he directed it to an ancient secretary, some old fellow, who had been there to his aunt: before he was born; and losing all thoughts of the present, he had been reading there for at least an hour, when suddenly a rustling sound attracted his attention, and the first thing he saw was a dancer and in the doorway. She seemed to gaze upon him imploringly, and he thought grasped a roll of paper. But at the sound of the exclamation, which he could not suppress, she retreated, and he thought, throwing the paper towards him, vanished from his sight. He was in no condition to pursue her, and when he recovered he found himself lying on the floor, with the most keen fellow. Although a man of great strength of mind, it is impossible to persuade him that he did not really see it. Aunt Eleanor and the strangest part of it is, that when he came to himself, the roll of paper was there before him; and what do you think it proved to be?"

"The will!" whispered several nervestricken voices.

"Correct, my will," said my uncle, "which says beyond all doubt, I give and bequeath to my nephew, Tyrrel Dunmere, the old family mansion with all its appurtenances; and after a few legacies to servants, I bequeath the rest of my real and property, personal and real estate, goes to Tyrrel Dunmere, my nearest kin male. Your quarters as soon as possible."

The girls looked anything but unwilling, as they exchanged glances with the powerful party.

"Now don't be such fools," said Uncle Aldhorpe, "as to suppose that Miss Elsmere really appeared in person to her dreaming nephew; if he believes it, that's no reason why I should; and its my opinion that the strange occurrence has management to discover the will and direct it to the right heir. I shall make diligent inquiries in the village, and I have no doubt that it will turn out so—do you not agree with me, Bridget?"

"No, sir," replied abruptly, without a moment's reflection.

"What!" exclaimed my uncle, "have the girls then infected you with their nonsense? I am surprised at you, Bridget."

"If nothing happens to prevent it," replied my uncle, "we shall be favored with his company to-morrow evening."

"To-morrow evening!" Such a state of excitement! All the next day my five cousins were discussing the respective merits of various hand dresses, and one might have supposed from their conversation that, instead of spoiled beauties, they were unattractive girls who had never had a beau in their lives.

Billy, who was her sixteen, was severely advised by her elder sisters to be several months out before she appeared in such a bold belabel; to which she replied that I ought to present myself before Mr. Dunmere. Whereupon I was favored with a host of questions respecting Tyrrel Dunmere's case. The usual reply was that it was standing still—everything in her waywise; but on the evening succeeding my adventure he made a remark that caused a countenance that was a perfect series of notes of exclamation.

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Matters in Maine.

The Plague of Insects.

All sorts of insect depredators rage with more than usual voracity this season. Yellow striped bugs and grub worms are very destructive in gardens. The Dover Observer says the currant worm is destroying the currant bushes in that vicinity, and we have heard of their being at work in this neighborhood. The Bellast Journal says strawberry vines in that vicinity "are attacked by an enemy heretofore unknown in the shape of a small white grub, or maggot, that eats off the root of the plant—The usual remedies have no effect upon them, and as a result best harvests there have quite despaired of their accustomed feast of strawberries." Rev. Tenney, of the Brunswick Telegraph, says mosquitoes are much more numerous than usual at this time of year, and complains of being fervently bitten by the black fies, while training. We are inclined to think the flies feel the want of it! The little pests have certainly invaded this city, at least we have encountered them in the suburbs.

Centennial of Windham.

The first Town Meeting was held Monday, July 4, 1763. The Centennial celebration of the organization, will be held at Windham Hill, July 6th, 1863. Gov. Andrew, of Massachusetts, is a native of Windham, will give the address. All the sons of Windham all over the world, will certainly be invited to come home and unite with their old friends and townsmen, on this memorable occasion.

Sad Affair.

While Mr. Leonard Thomas, of Sandford, was hoeing manure on Friday, the 6th instant, his youngest son, about two years of age, fell under the wheel of the cart, on the opposite side from where his father was, and it passed over his head, crushing it terribly—in a sound! The father did not discover the accident until the misfortune was called to it by some of his other children.

—The editor of the Belfast Journal, who recently commenced sides over a spy, is desirous to quench flames from the ravages of bugs, now says that a bank bolds that we believe that the striped banks take hold with better appetites after the gentle physicking of the drug. According to our opinion, disease the yellow metals are poison proof. We had great faith in spirits of turpentine applied on a rag and placed near the plants, but this season's experience convinces us that nothing but bones or newspapers placed over the hole silred any certain protection.

—In Anson, on Tuesday week, a son of Mr. John Gordon, aged 11 years, while driving a horse to harrow, was kicked on the head by the animal, fracturing his skull so that nine pieces of bone were taken from them. He was still alive at last accounts.

—The Mills at Biddeford are employing less than one-half their usual complement of hands for day in a week. The same is also, heretofore cotton mill there will take a vacation of seven weeks, in July and August.

—A squad of 30 recruits for the 16th regiment, from Gorham, under command of Capt. H. J. Wentworth, passed through this city on Friday for Augusta. Over fifty more have been enlisted there, and they will make the third company raised in Gorham duringthe war.

—Kennebunk has just contributed $500 for the Sanitary Commission and this is the third time the same amount has been contributed in that town for the benefit of our sick and wounded soldiers. Let other towns follow this generous example.

—Three of the members of the Sophomore Class in Bowdoin College, H. N. W. Hoyt, of Lewiston, Orrin W. Stone, Jr., of Great Falls, N. H., and Jos. N. Walmsley, of Saginaw, have enlisted in the company forming from the students of Dartmouth College for three months' service.

—Dr. Lamson, of the Bridgton Report er, announces his intention of taking a daily nap just after dinner, to see if it will not improve the character of his editorials. We shall expect to find the Reporter very brilliant after this!

—Unchartered and sixty confiaders have been baptised, and admitted to their church in Lewiston and Auburn within a few night.

—We learn that Gen. Howard, who lost an arm at the battle of Fair Oaks, will deliver the Fourth of July oration at Livermore.

—In the course of business or pleasure, fullerous blunders are often the occasion of mirth and fun, but at this present enlightened age, one would hardly expect to see such as the following which are actually recorded upon the books in the Registry of Deeds in this county. A man in this State, in the bounds of a certain tract of land are made to begin at "Hogg. Bones"—a deceased gentleman of course." Another—a woman relinquishing her right of dower—"to the 1 part, 1 proprietor with 1 Mr. ——." Another—and this beats everything we ever heard—"commencing at the boundary of a lot of land in this way:—'Thence northerly, south in the by of Sarah.' Oh! heavens! We thought mistks and many similar ones were very frightful too easily moved, but the idea of stirring up the dead in this way is another to convey the premises is awful.

—Exchange.

"Awful" as it is well but you would not get the gist.

—The annual convention of the Cumberland Baptist Sabbath School will be held in Agricultural Hall, Topham, July 30 at 10 o'clock A. M. Sevens Essays have been assigned. All persons interested in the friends of this enterprise anticipate a great gathering. The cars will run on the morning of the convention and the following Wednesday, Freeport and Bath at one half the usual fare. Those who wish to attend the morning the convention will meet July 8th. Come one and all, who love the Sabbath School.

—Mr. Lot Bates, son of Mr. Z. H. Bates, of Calais, left into the river on Saturday and was nearly drowned. After sinking once, and just giving the shore, sat on the wharf and cried until some one asked him what was the matter. Then he said he had accidently fished out, but his was extinct.

—Mr. Ezekiel Cushman, whale created quite an excitement at Eastport last week. The cetacean was forty-five feet in length, with a remarkably large head, and a broad flipping tail. The back of an old harpoon was found imbedded in the under part of the body.

—A showman at Skowhegan, last week, for the sum of ten dollars, jumped from the 40 bridge; the ten dollars was not paid him. He did not appear any the worse for his temerity ducking.

—Destructive fires, including three dwelling houses, Thomas Boyd's store, dwelling house and barn, on the road to the Old Barnes, were destroyed by fire at Dunnstown Mills, on Monday night of last week. The fires were the work of an incendiary.

F. Pollard of Skowhegan, on Friday night, was knocked down by a horse, and fell in which he was clogging. They contained a silver watch and $25.75 in money.

—On Tuesday of last week Wm. Adams, of Farmington, was found drowned in a well which he had been employed loading to his buildings at that place. It is supposed he fell in while endeavoring to discover some thing which obstructed the passage of the water.

—A horse occupied by Mr. Foster, at Charleston, was burned on Friday night of last week, and his daughter, about seven years old, was involved in the flames.

—A series of fires, some if not all, caused by incendiarie, has alarmed the people of Bangor. Two fires have been in two States, two counties and three towns, and yet was never moved before. It was built sixty years ago.

—Biddeford is to have a free city library, the gift of Dr. Deering. The Methodist Seminary having been transferred to the city for that purpose.

—The Lewiston Journal of the 19th, says the drought continues, and the hay crop is damaged seriously and beyond recovery.

—A special car will run from Bath to Rockland many parties, in the vicinity of Gardiner.

—Gov. Washburn poetically calls Maine "The Summer State."

—A boy at Milltown, Calais, lost his right arm last week by falling under the cars while they were in motion.

WAR NEWS.

We have the gratifying intelligence that Gen. McClellan's army before Richmond has been reinforced. It is stated that Mc-Dowell's corps of 30,000 has been ordered thither, and that the Pennsylvania reserves, some 8000 strong, has recently been added. The enemy are reported to have, also, not had been reinforced, and outnumbered our army, this movement is satisfactory to the country. The weather, too, has been fine of late, and it is said, every day of sunshine advances the cause of Richmond. The roads are becoming hard, and the success of the corps is fields, except in low places, is pronounced by those who have seen them as unlike on Saturday. The enemy advance in force last week and severely injured, but is now recovering.

—Two hundred bales of cotton were shipped from New Memphis to New York on the 5th. It will continue daily.

—Gen. Butler's only enemy are negroes. The men of New Orleans, he had a good effect. It seems to have realized their lost sense of duty, and become a man.

—The 12th and 13th Maine regiments from part of the garrison at New Orleans. The troops thronged the streets and the squares of the city.

—The contract of diamonds dust forms part of the treasures of the Princess Alice; has been made in the form of natural flowers, agreeably to the choice of the late Prince Albert, her father.

—The Maine Eleventh still lives, notwithstanding all the stories about it. It now numbers six hundred men, notwithstanding it has suffered severely.

DEATH FROM STROKE'S CAUSES.—The Salem Observer speaks of a case of death by cancer in the mouth, caused by excessive smoking.

—The rebel General at Richmond are saying tried up. Johnston is a wounded and Smith is paralied. The rebels are now obliged to put three kids into a kid.

—A gentleman in Poultney, Vt., has already four sons in the war, and now sends two more, keep all he has, and regrets that he is too old to go himself.

—The rebels at Memphis demolished the flotilla just in which they had wasted $1,000,000 in lotteries, for fear they should themselves be intercepted by it. What a confession of their inhumanity.

—The Aspen mills of the capture of a turtle, at West Milan, whose shell was about 16 feet 6 inches broad, 2 feet long, and 6 inches deep." Considering as length this is rather a broad statement. We suppose every one is at liberty to rely on it.

—Reliable information states that Beauregard's army was a depleted condition when at Corinth. The sick numbered 19,000.

—Rev. J. C. Fletcher exiled from New York for Brent on Tuesday.

—Gen. Berry, formerly Colonel of the 4th Maine regiment, is now acting as commander of a division in Gen. Heintzleman's corps d'armee.

—Gen. Fremont was in the thickest of his recent fight with Jackson, and fought desperately. He himself was very much excited.

—A statute of interesting religious matters have been held in the city during the week, in connection with the General Conference of Methodists.

—Mrs. Manchester publishes in another column some testimonials in regard to her healing powers, to which we refer all who are interested.

—The rebel policy seems to be to strengthen reliance Jackson in order that he may, by threatening the Potomac line, keep McDowell. Banks and Fremont from co-operating with McClellan.

—There was the usual attendance of street pedlers during the celebration on Tuesday, but the song singers attracted the largest crowds.

—It is reported from Cornish that Beauregard has turned over his command to Bragg and gone to Richmond to explain the conclusion of Corinth.

—Dr. Rev. W. Wood, a native of Maine, but now a resident of the Sandwich Islands, has sent to Gov. Washburn $500 for the benefit of wounded soldiers and their families.

—A correspondent pays a paper to have paid for the purpose of repairing the monuments of Barrows, Blythe and Watres, is open at the U. S. Hotel and the Preble House.

Pen and Scissors.

—Ex-President Van Buren (now eighty years old), is suffering from a dangerous affection of the throat or bronchial organs.

—A coach maker leaves went up Mt Washington on the 10th inst. In one place they passed over a snow drift ten feet deep

—The Steward Serjeo have been ritualized with appropriate ceremonies at New Orleans, by a "Union Association."

—Gen. Gol. Fillies is in disgrace among the rebels. Poor Fillow, though well enough liked, is McDowell was heavy hand.

—Gen. McDowell was thrown from his horse last week and severely injured, but is now recovering.

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—Fourson.—A great rumpus has been raised in the British Parliament over the order of Gen. Butler, concerning the women of New Orleans. Lord Palmerston and other dignitaries is as infamous and vindictive of the laws of war, evidently under sensitive misapprehension of the intention of the order. The propriety of the English to meddle in our affairs has led them to raise a great cry over a very small matter. The English government has officially announced that no movement has been made by France or England towards mediation in American affairs, and none is at present intended.

—Why he Lives.—A person who has recently seen Jeff. Davis at Richmond thus describes his personal appearance.

Jeff. Davis looks haggard and pale. His features very plainly, and the cowardice I have always attributed to him is plainly written upon his face. He is a very small man, neither known as sovereign, judge nor statesman in either and color. He is very. He never by takes opportunities exercise through the various subordinate parts of the city, in which neighborhood; Marshall street he resides. "Lady Davis" is seen every day on a most gorgeous looking carriage drawn by two handsome bays, bedecked with spanning white and red ribbons and cockades. When taking an evening ride she is generally accompanied by an elderly lady and Mrs. Wells a Pickle Grocer, Main Street, Portland.

—The Iron is Hot.—The bravery and patriotism displayed by our Irish fellow citizens on this war are worthy of all praise. They have not deserted their adopted country in the hour of her calamity, but have nobly proved the obligations they owe her. A Union soldier just returned from a Southern prison said to us the other day, "I don't want to hear anything said against the Irish after this. He came to the Union flag and was cruelly abused by our native citizens." They have earned the right to be Americans, and have won the thanks of all true patriots.

—They are having slow work at Richmond. The two armies are face to face, right hand to hand, and the pickets and scouglers are shot at without mercy. A letter writer from the Union forces writes home that while going to a spring for water the rebels fired a cannon ball at him. Hearing it coming through the air he dropped to the ground and it passed over him, and striking a soldier the worker camp in the rear, cut him in twain.

—Pressed into service.—Gov. McClellan has pressed the negroes into digging trenches, and special orders have been issued that every civilian is to be employed in such labor, and in time of battle, is to fight the enemy. The guildhirers will now have an opportunity to show that the pen is mightier than the sword.

—Freedmeaders newspaper.—At Lawrence, Wis., 8th inst., a negro who first courted a daughter aged twenty years, then the mother aged over fifty, and was rejected by them both, was wellchosen, according to law, to the blind girl in the family connected. The clergy did not intend to let his love run to waste while there was "corps d'amour."

—Death of Henry Thomas Buckle.—We have the unexpected news of the death of Mr. Buckle, the distinguished author of "The History of Civilization." He died at Damascus, while travelling in the East for his health, on the 31st of May last. His great work, which required a long life time for its completion, is less than Macaulay's history of England, left a splendid fragment and affords another illustration of the truth of the old maxim that man proposes and God disposes.

—The Tax Bill.—The tax bill as it last passed both Houses of Congress, is taken effect on the 1st of August. The tax on house-fuiture, watches and dogs was stricken out. Incomes between $600 and $1000 are taxed three per cent; over $1000 five per cent on all over $600.

—Col. Charles Effel, who commanded the zouaves which proved so disastrous to the rebels at Fairfax, and who fell at last was wounded on board his fleet, died on the 26 inst. He was a noble officer, and his loss is greatly to be regretted.

—The number of men now raised for the Sixteenth Regiment is about 750. The camp at Augusta has been named "Camp Jameson," in honor of that gallant General.

—A good stroke of business.—A thousand barrels of whiskey were destroyed in Cincinnati last week, by a stroke of lightning.

Poetry.

WHERE'S MY MONEY.

Ay, where's my money? That's a puzzling query
It matters not to-day or to-morrow
Nor pockets can there be any better. The very
Correspondents I have gain riches
Paragraphs for I wrote quite a letter
Letters grow longer, every letter's money;
And no one contributes what duties to write
Who knows but I. Where is my money?

Letter digits. Folks don't see me staggering,
Some one and cousins, to file gallic round.
I spent no amusements—not even a beggar living.
I have a notion that not any one has
Not anywhere no known's fear,
So correctly I ask you, I'm in trouble
The Keeper I investigate, the more
Astonished I am. Where is my money?

My money, mind you. Other people's dollars
Others receive not safely. Only mine
Get me no share. There's that pack of scholars
You Reporters, to tackle as much as we do
As I see everything. Yet no more rich
Be single, and winner pleasure's a thing.
While I grow also as a dizzying notion,
And mental, for gold so vainly. Where's my
money?

I can't complain that editors don't pay me;
I get for every sheet One Pound Sixteen
And well I may. My salaries no fancy
Enough to show up anywhere
What's pin not in the office through it, then at
The same I have nothing but the one. He
Each week to me will find I don't love but,
Always, ever, ever, ever. Tis money, money.

When I a mite ink up no. Where one my sphere
Beyond to raise, of course in each week pay
The time I regularly see my system,
Cheers, Sunday, sun all that. And now as I
What equation a dozen of a salary?
"The week," you say, "is money. To The money
Is night that draws my tin to and No Night
From that not replace When there's my
money?

However, a number of eyes and weakness.
I owe I do make pressure to the case.
Books, writers, tutorials, make to spot display'ed,
Guide, ebooks, still, lessons—things that might
assist.

Assistance. And still I gain by what
I love to find my way. The experience owes—I
I think so. My acquaintances think yet.
No matter. I gave Mistress Where's my money?

—*From the Germans of Goethe.*

Original Articles.

Written for the Portland Transcript.

RANDOM READINGS.

It is all very well, very well, independent and consistent impudence, commendable indeed, for you to pose stalking breadsides of malicious and invective against one and all in paper pompy-blisters, and easy be to you the quintessence of enjoyment, but, sir, we beseech, consider its effects. If you are a Re-vulsion in the scene of literature, let a kind regard for the lesser fishes prevent your bib-ding them with spray or beating them with your fishes. Pastey, dear sir, jets from the brain like bees from the centre—in one continuous belching. We can admire Tarantism only when it encumbers the blazing heat and red columns of fire street—not on the cold ashes or dun rocks. Similar must be our judgment of many newspaper barks. The first may flap, as if drunken, or the smooth words may be asinine, but isn't much poetry truly sublime in conception and execution, that is rolls, ideas when the rules of metre and scansion are applied to it? Besides, sir, our predominant purgators and chasers, without heads are ever quarling, are not supposed to regard either Time or Measure, provided they have a sufficient quantity of "monosyllab," "wrong tones," and "gentle breezes," to manufacture couplets of.

The severe frowns of Beattie, Pressently's Sentence to Hades, Rancour and Spite, &c., &c., agues, if you please, are fit for the critique. Men whose minds are "fully grown, large and by ghosts of the beautiful," furnish the best materials for dissection. Swift says that "a poet or critic is like a dog or a hog, whose thoughts and stomach are wholly set upon what is the lowest sort of food, and consequently is apt to snuff most when there are the fewest bones." That indescopable skin, readers, is not for you. Let ourselves at the table of literature, and last some of the viands. Hog yourselves in this dish: Hashima, by Butler. Here is drollery, wit and sometime in every shop. Now, we relish ribaldry and fun, when they have a proper basis, but to admire a couplet of senseless sound, something limited, but incapable of existing in fact, we are unable. Listen a moment to this part of Charles II. His mistake of daybreak thus:

"Thus was he a long time, in the day
Of Thirty minutes out his way;
And then a cricket heard, the story
From black to red began to turn."

There, friend, is what periodical will you read such a ridiculous composition? Why when it comes from Butler we lend it; but a village scold not throughout through a rural paper, the whole host of literary harpies would have hunted it. Our friend "Al." told plain fact, when he remarked the difference between the straightforward path to ports of established and acquired reputation. Again, hear this rigour from forfeiture Hecht:

"A rocky lawyer and pick-pocket,
A green jailbreaker and a thick-head."

Delectable, nicer materials! A jargon of words, unrelieved by context or surrounding, and you have a combination such as only gibberish! Why? Voltaire was once told by a stranger that his verses were very high—to which observation the Frenchman replied: "They have nothing in them but sense." Now, sir, you are a Reporter. What care we for your views of harmony or beauty? Can you not find more examples valve for theirs? But try Cowley. Here is an extract from Sir Watson's epithalamy, so you will recollect:

"He did the utmost bounds of knowledge find,
Or make the bounds wider still by what he left behind."

And when he came to the very end of his goal,

He died, but no should ship-pose at last."

Dear fellow! Is there a more terrible death on experience? But this is a theme for comparities on death and destiny. What, exactly, is the right thing to do? Is it the anticipated prisoner power? Leave out the virus and plan of this composition? Be you are satisfied, reader, we will receive our rancor. Now look at Ben Jonson's Remarks in Discoveries. Is not this clear, natural, and rarely exhibits elevation of ideas. Speaking of expected Aspirants, he says:

"Men
Affect Greatness when not up above her worse;
Or, if they get but on her mountain, straight
It stirs their stomach, and they cast to fall.
Even Rockwood to the end."

Again, Dryden: Speaks of such a fault: as writers:

"Who can find pants the cream metre,
Ample drew while the curtains of the skies,
And on which hangs the tuneful herald of the morn,
From his uncouth nest springing mounts the."

Is not this a fine picture? Is not the tone suitably wilds. But forced thoughts are favorites with many, and always chosen by the poet in preference to common-place; which is another reason of the popularity of Milton and Shakspeare even are not faultless. The former uses the expressions—

"Which tempt with wandering feet the dark unbottomed infinite abyss,"

"And sow-shaken sound and beyond all bounds of."

Pardonable, perhaps, in Milton, but not so in Shakspeare. Who can reconcile these with his fame more to his masterly delineations of the workings of the human heart and passions, than to his mechanical arrangement of his words? Nothing, we think, can more indulge in sentiments and sentences that have no distinct meaning, as a careful reading of each will make evident.

But let this book supply us for to-day. Here is a mixture of poetry and prose. Pope, Horace, Racine, Rollens, Virgil, Voltaire, or modern talents and learned wit, with every variety of perspective, make pleasing sense and silly ideas occur. To our eyes, of course, errour may be boring, or even sorus. But we never could, we never will believe impossibilities. I may be highly practical for a man to prate of burning and freezing, less sights in cold dangerous, surrounded by the ice, sickness abounding, and by cold confused bunkels of roses regardless of temperature we resolve ourselves at a loss to see it.

We want more of the real gem in poetry and less of the glitter. Some of the material and not so much of the superficial. And when our present race of poesy pensers realize this fact, America will boast of a healthy literature and a race of intellectual giants. But we fear it will be long ere then. Many will doubtless condemn us, as presuming and arrogant, and you know one might as well be out of the world, as out of popular regard. However, he public verdict what it may, we imbibed a love of common sense, with our earliest breath and have long hatred of syllables and long sounding babble; which we believe would benefit the world, were they more common and less whicht advance our every interest.

TADITUS.

Written for the Portland Transcript.

GO TO COLLEGE.

Young man, go to College, if it is possible for you to do so. No matter what others people tell you. Do as I say. Those fellows who pretend that a liberal education isn't of any use to a man, do it because they never have had the advantages for high intellectual attainment; or if they have, they were too lazy to profit by them; or it may have been that they were incapable of acquiring an extensive knowledge of the sciences and languages which are taught in our advanced institutions of learning. I know that a man may absorb himself outside of a University; but to me do it is too time wilkis, where he has the aid of those who are able to teach him, or, and therefore, more favorable to his physical and mental organization. He will have company, and a class will always go along faster than one alone can. And there is nothing like a class to stimulate one to the study of Law, or Medicine, or Divinity, it will make no difference whether he has employed his mind at College, or passed four years in drinking whiskey, smoking tobacco and playing cards after the girls: ignorant fellow—and among those he is to look for success in the practice of his profession—he will be looked upon as having been through College, and afterwards the reception will be—that he has had a more flattering than that of the miserable wretch who, stole in his elderly unacquainted way with all sorts of men, books, but with everything else in the world, or out of it. I know there are a few men who have read and go ahead prosperously, without the benefit of a College education, but what have we our Great Geniuses—men who have a natural aptitude for everything they attempt to obtain—and who have the most astounding influence with the multitude, are certainly of course subject to whatever they undertake: and they are like Dandelions in November—shrivels alone.

Again I say, go to College. Go to College, if you want to. It will give you the privilege of being associated with the most refined and patronizing moneyed people who know more when they were five years old, than you would be likely to know in your whole life time. If you are about a fault, it will drain it you. If you are sober and steady, it will be of use to you: and will answer to keep you out of your mother's way and give her more time to pray for you. If you are a fool it will not help you.

ANTHONY ALLYN.

Personal Sketches.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S PORTRAITS OF MR. LIN-COLN AND MR. SEWARD.

The Hon. Mr. Hall, gentleman, author of a life of Charles I., and a friend of Washington Irving, has published in London a book of his travels in America, and writes in the earliest number of Blackwood's Magazine, the following sketches of Lincoln and Seward. We quote the following description of

PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

"First, then, of the President. To say that Mr. Lincoln is ugly; to add that his figure is grotesque, is to convey the absolute impression. Fancy a man six feet high, with bones of corresponding size, large bony arms and legs, which combine seem to be always in the way; with great rugged furrowed hands, which grasp you like a vice when shaking yours; with a long straggling beard, a short nose and mouth of the great arms at its side. Add to this figure a head covered with short-cropped hair, no small fair such a nature, covered with rough, uncombed and unbrushable hair that would not lie down, and you have a picture furrowed, wrinkled and sickened, as though each day's work had been done by a new hand, new forehead; and such deep hewn and hollow eyes, too bright, somewhat gloomy eyes, that look like a cheerful fire through your window lighting up you a few irregular gleams in the large, dark room. Put this piece where beard and whiskers ought to grow—a down-cut, thin-lipped, stern mouth, with two rows of large white teeth, and a nose and ears which have been taken by mistake from a head of twice the size. Clothe this figure, then, in a long, tight, badly-fitting suit of black, which looks as if put and puckered up at every salient point of the figure (and every point of the figure is salient), with large, ill-shaped boots, which too long for the long bony fingers, and a scuffy hat, crowned to the top with duns, scuffy crape; and then add to all this an air at strength, physical as well as moral, and a strange look of dignity coupled with all this grotesqueness; and you will have the impression left upon me by Abraham Lincoln."

THE PRESIDENT'S SECURITY.

"On the occasion when I had the honor of seeing the President,the company was a small one, with most of whom he was personally acquainted. I have no doubt, therefore, that he was as much at his ease as usual. There was a look of depression about his face, which, I am told by those who see him daily, was habitual to him even before his cabin duties. It was strange to me to witness the perfect terms on which he chose to appeared to be with everybody. Occasionally some of his interlocutors called to him 'Mr. President,' but the habit was address him simply as 'Sir.' It was not, indeed, till I was introduced to him that I was aware that the President was one of the company. He talked little, and seemed to prefer others talking to him to talking himself; but when he spoke, his remarks were always shrewd and to the point. You would not say that he was a gentleman; you would still less say he was not one. There are some women and men who are ever ready to put you at ease with beauty one way or the other: there are those who are ever ready to make gentlemen-like or ungentleman like appearance utterly incongruous; and of such Mr. Lincoln is one. Still less can you say that he is free of absence of pretension, and an evident desire to be courteous to everybody, which is the essence, if not the outward form, of good breeding. There is a sadness, too, about his whole mien, and a want of ease about his eye, which relieve the expression of his face, and remind one forcibly of the late Dr. Arnold, as a child's recollection recalls him, than of any face I can call to mind.

"The conversation,like that of all American gentlemen I have met with, was not restrained in the presence of strangers, to a degree perfectly astonishing. Any religious or moral subject, as well as the great state of affairs, I do not feel at liberty to report, though nothing was said which I here appears not only to live in a glass house, but in a reverberating gallery, and to be absolutely sufficient to throw stones at or house him. There are a few Lincoln stories which I may tell, as they have been printed out, viz. my experience that tales who have no wives kept a good many few 'cute ones.' Again, a gentleman present was telling a friend of his how he had driven away from New Orleans as a Unionist, and how he had escaped with his life. He was on the way by which he was expelled, the deputation which called on him told him that the Government had sent them to persuade to do nothing illegal, and as they had heard no illegal words, and simply meant to wake him go of his own accord. 'Well,' said Mr. Lincoln, 'One reminds me of a hotel-keeper down at St. Louis, who boasted he never had a death in his hotel. for whenever a guest was dying in his house he carried him out to die in the street.' At another time the conversation turned upon the dismissal on the 4th of August Congressmen, and elicited the following characteristic reply from Mr. Lincoln. 'I used to amuse me some fellow find that the steamboilers wanted more territory, because they had not room enough for their engines, and yet they complained of not having the full steam power. They wanted more fixes for their room.'"

MR. SEWARD.

"A man, I should think, under five feet in height, and of some sixty years in age; short made, with small delicate hands and feet, and a small very bony, sensitive face, quick, deep-set, clear, grey eyes a face perfectly clean shaved, and a remarkably delicate skin of a sort of parchment texture —such were the outward features that struck me at once. He was in his office when first I saw him, dressed in black, with his cuffs and collar unbuttoned, one leg over the side of his arm-chair and a cigar stuck between his lips. Barring the cigar and the attitude, I should have taken him for a lawyer, rather than a statesman, waiting to hear a new client's business. You see at your ease with him at once. There is a frankness and boldness about his manner which renders it to my mind, a very pleasant one. In our English phrase, Mr. Seward is good company. A good cigar, a good glass of wine, and a good story, even if it is not *sub rosa* rogue, are pleasures which he obviously enjoys keenly.

Still, a glance at that hard knit frame, and that clear, brightgrey, shows you that no pleasure, however keenly appreciated, has been indulged in to excess throughout his long, laborious career. And more than that, no one who has had the pleasure of seeing him amongst his own family can doubt about the kindliness of his disposition. He is eagerly impressible to talk much with him without perceiving that he is a man of remarkable ability. He has read much, especially in English literature —traveled much, and seen much of the world of men as well as that of books.

LARGE FAMILIES.

A writer in a Maryland exhibition says, in examining the records of the town of Billerica, Mass., he found recorded the names of twenty-two families, consisting of ten children each, twenty families of eleven children each, twenty four families of twelve children each, seventeen families of thirteen each, five families of fourteen each, one family of fifteen, and one family of twenty-one children. Total, ninety hundred and seventy-two children. Of the deaths of these children, there were two mothers. Such cases, he says, have not occurred in the county of our country.

Mr. Herbert mentions one woman who had twenty-two children, another twenty-three by one husband, nineteen of whom lived to mature years and were married. The mother of Gov. Phipps had twenty-five children, and twenty-one were men grown.

The Rev. John Sherman, the first minister of Watertown, had twenty-six children by two wives. The Rev. Samuel Willard, the first minister of Groton, had fifteen by Sarah Sherman, and Vice President Dunster, College, had twenty children. Major Simon Willard, his father, and one of the first rulers of Concord, had twenty-one children, of whom nine were sons and all attained to manhood and left families.

In Ware, Massachusetts, were two families of twenty-one children each, besides others of smaller numbers, and many more. The grandmother of the writer, on the maternal side, was of a family of twenty-two children, all of whom grew up and married, and had families, with one exception, who had one perfect set of eight children each, as he lived a bachelor. Mrs. Isaac Hall of Norwalk, South Connecticut, was the mother of thirty-four live born children, and had two pairs of twins.

Families of modern times have greatly diminished in numbers as compared with those of earlier times in New England. Women seem to be growing more and more feeble in constitution, physically, in every succeeding generation. Formerly, girls were about as rugged and robust as boys, and could endure as much by the way of walking, jumping, leaping, jumping, &c. Then they could work, run and sew; but now lameness the spin-sing and weaving are almost done by the knitting and sewing, and Irish girls do the cooking and washing; and the mothers of sickly, pale, puling children (the fewer of each the better) are just able to ride out, as for walking that's out of the question. What they find the way back to woman's proper sphere, and exercise the true functions of herself, women will again be the high, vigorous, healthful state or confidence of the mothers of five generations, probably, in the present. The wife, the mother, so long as she endures the duties of her high office, can serve to work as she would be, and in whom she fully meets and discharges these duties. In case of a life of misery which fathers and mothers, too, should profit by the obnoxious age.

ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON.—William Sanderson was a captain in the Revolutionary War, under Gen. Washington—and they were standing together one day engaged in conversation, when the afterwards General Sam. Anthony Wayne rode up and joined them; and Gen. Washington said:

"Gen. Wayne, how many men will it take to storm Stony Point?"

Wayne's reply was—"By God, sir, I can storm it with one regiment."

Gen. Washington seemed both shocked and grieved, and, without uttering a word, left with a sorrowful and solemn countenance, turned his back upon Wayne and stood silent for a few seconds; after which he turned to Wayne, and said—

"Don't say By God, General, but *With the help of God.*"

That old captain William Sanderson, had three sons in the war of 1812-15, only one of whom survived him. That son has often heard his father tell the anecdote of Washington and Wayne.

Poetry.

LYING ILL.

BY THOMAS AIRD.

Love, kiss me, kiss me on the lips,
And kiss me on the cheek;
And kiss me until I sink again,
My heart, my heart is very weak;
But I feel not and weak.

The cup of pain is bitter,
And I grow dull with woe;
And my love is mine alone,
But I know your soul, your very soul,
So I am blessed, I know.

O love, we walked years again!
A friend shall kiss for me—
Love, let me, let me me
Your kiss—oh, give me kiss once!
Dear eyes, how kind they be!

I touch your mute: my tone has flown—
They were the while I spoke.
O love, I feel so weak.
But kiss me, kiss me on the lips,
And kiss me on the cheek.

A Sea Sketch.

CAPSIZED AT SEA.

BY CAPTAIN ANDREW BUTLER.

About twelve years ago, I set sail from Halifax in the little schooner Cowquid bound for Jamaica. She was a beautiful little craft of a hundred and fifty tons, and what was she called in those days a fast sailer. She first passively refused to pass her,showing to her round stern as was afraid she could not withstand the hurricanes so prevalent in the West Indies; but the skipper being an old stager, and as fine a man as ever walked a ship's deck, I was finally persuaded to sign on as seaman.

Our crew consisted of seven men, including the second mate, and a sailor, a regular set of fellows it seldom found on shipboard. We had a fine run to Jamaica, and landed our cargo in good order. Here we took in ballast for Havana, where we were to load molasses for Boston or New York.

On the nineteenth of July, as we were rounding Cape Antonio, which is about two hundred miles from Havana, we were struck by a white squall, which capsized us in an instant. A Scotchman, named Sinclair, and myself had the watch below. As the weather was unpromising, he and I had taken up mattresses out of my bunk and turned it on the deck, which contained our dunnage, where they would sleep, having an outlying but an undesirable and quiet berth thereon. Hay to leeward, and therefore did not feel the shock till Sandy was thrown directly on to me.

"Good God, she's over!" exclaimed Sandy, although he thought he had not had cause.

"Over, you fool!" said I, not exactly fancying the unceremonious manner in which he had alighted on me. "The lascass has contrived her to leeward a little, that's all; so pick yourself up and turn in again."

He did not wait to hear me through, but was up the companion ladder in a jiffy. I soon found out my mistake, however, for by the water began to pour down the hatchway in torrents. I attempted to grasp the ladder, but in my haste unshipped it from its fastening, and, in less time than I have taken to describe it, was up to my neck in the water, which was still pouring in from above me. I grasped the mainboom with one hand, and the combings of the hatch with the other, and by this means drew myself on deck, and got outside of the companion, which lay even with the surface of the water.

From this point I took a survey of things, but could see nothing of my shipmates. A dreadful rain had set in, which enveloped everything in a misty gloom. Turning round to get a better view of the schooner's deck, I discerned two of my companions clinging to the weather bow of the set's side, and, letting go my hold of the mainmast, climbed up and joined them.—Remember, all this time the schooner was gradually settling, and might at any moment make the fatal plunge. From this elevation we soon discovered some white object a little to the windward, which was evidently drifting towards us, and a few moments was declared to be the schooner's pulp-boat. As the jumbo a load "Hallelua" was heard in the direction of the boat. This reassured us, and, giving an answering shout, we struck out manfully in the direction of the sound. The wind had now entirely died away, which rendered our passage from the schooner to the boat one of short duration. On reaching the boat, we were agreeably surprised to find the rest of the crew, who had escaped as miraculously as ourselves.

Our attention was now directed to the schooner, which was fast disappearing from sight, and in a few moments she went down; and the waters, which had been disturbed by her disappearance, were once more calm and undisturbed. We took inventory of our helpless and distressed condition. Our provisions were indeed on no extra terror to the stoutest heart—only one man, in a small jolly-boat, without a single article of bread or drop of water. Only one of us had a pair of shoes, and one a hat. The remainder were in their usual shipboard dress and trousers, which, owing to the climate, were of the thinnest material. As the schooner went down, Arthur, the second mate, fell, and, never rising, was drowned in his bed, and of course went down with her, so that we were now adrift on the boundless ocean with neither provisions, oars, nor rudder.

Towards morning the rain ceased and soon the sun rose in glorious splendor, illumining and fully dispelling the cold, damp fog, which had all night surrounded us. But, alas! its brightness showed us there no sign of land, only a monotonous expanse of water. We had no oars, and the boat, being flat at the bottom, was unsteady to remove all the spare spars, &c., were stowed in the hold, and set ourselves to work with what we had. This work immediately

The Transcript.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1863.

E. H. ELWELL, Editor.

OUR NEW DEPARTURE MEASURE.—A few more of our subscribers will take with their papers a receipt with printed labels, conformably to their request made some time since. We have found that this is the best and most satisfactory for both parties, and will proceed shortly to its accomplishment. All favored names will be printed on labels, and the paper directed in the usual manner, and those not having such printed labels, or an interest in the subscription now at the option of the publisher for the next quarter, will please direct accordingly. In regard to accounts for which we have no printed labels, we shall be obliged to our friends to write the label of the subscription on their papers, stating the time to which he has paid. Those who have paid in advance for the year will be charged as now on the yearly receipt book, and no other. Agents can send for any subscribers they may have who may request to be supplied with our yearly labels, in case they are not able to report in the time as now.

A SOLDIER'S STORY.

Our soldiers who are just returning from a Southern prison, have a hard experience to relate. The close confinement in crowded cells and apartments, the loss of clothing, bedding and wholesome food, the dirt, disease, and general discomfort, to say nothing of occasional ill-treatment by their captors, have borne hard upon them, yet none of them come home in tolerable health and good spirits, without a feeling of gratitude to heaven to their country, and ready to meet the enemy again.

In accordance with one of the returned prisoners, recently released from Salisbury, N. C., we have printed some information concerning the treatment of our soldiers while languishing in that place. Our informant was a private in the Fifth Maine Regiment, and was taken prisoner at Bull Run. After surrendering to the rebel cavalry he was twice shot at by straggling rebel soldiers, but escaped without a wound. He spent three or four months in prison at Richmond, and was then sent to New Orleans with a large number of other prisoners. They were a fortnight on the journey, traveling in crowded cattle and freight cars, and had very little sleep during the whole time. Arrived at New Orleans, they were hustled through the streets to hear the jeering crowd of so-called women exhaling, "How fragrant," "how dirty," "the dirty Yankees," with like expressions of contempt, and were unaccompanied with more directly personal insults.

In New Orleans they received the worst treatment experienced during their imprisonment. They were placed in the cells of the parish prison, and no crowded were they, that there was not room for all to lie down upon the bare floor without lying "upon fashion," or on their sides, as negroes are stowed in the hold of ship when they were frequently told by their guard, that if our government hanged the Southern privateersmen, they should do the same by us. Their fare consisted of a small portion of bread and a little soup. Our informant says he ate daily rations of bread as thirty inches, on a set of fifty cents, other prisoners contributing their trifles in order that the last might be doubled. Our informant often went without bread in order to have the means of writing home to his friends, but none of his letters ever reached them, and they long supposed he was dead. The prisoners gathered a few pennies, by making rings and pins from the bone handles from the meat furnished them or food—but to visitors, the prisoners were set apart, more consulting their interest in order that the last might be doubled. Our informant often went without bread in order to have the means of writing home to his friends, but none of his letters ever reached them, and they long supposed he was dead. The prisoners gathered a few pennies, by making rings and pins from the bone handles from the meat furnished them or food—but to visitors, the prisoners crowding around them, and offering their little wares with great eagerness. When their guard found they were gaining a little money in this way, they actually robbed the prisoners of the prisoners, and then *rounded them out to them at so many quarts!* This is an almost incredible piece of meanness, yet our informant vouches for the truth of his statement.

Before the arrival of the clothing sent them by our government, the prisoners were in rags, and indeed almost naked. The only article of clothing possessed by our informant at one time, was a blanket, which he wore by shrouding his head through a hole in the middle. Of course in such a state of things such agreeable accompaniments as scurvy, itch and lice, were not wanting, and the nights spent lying crowded together on the bare floor, scratching and fighting cockroaches, were not very conducive to sleep.

In their half starved state, any little addition to their stinty bill of fare was eagerly welcomed. Some compassionate soul in New Orleans, sent the prisoners several barrels of molasses, and a bag-shed of tobacco, and while these lasted they were in clover. When the clothing sent by our government arrived, some of the prisoners, who cared more for their stomachs than their backs, sold their new garments to the rebel guard in order to procure a feast.—

The public would hang the prisoners, if ever, collectively expressed, soon put a stop to this trade. Men in a starving state don't feel just in appreciating the value of clothes food, and our informant says that little of value was received by those to enjoyed while receiving from a fit of sickness, but that the rebels could not be induced to let him with their collection of its delicacies.

The severe privations endured by the prisoners was not traceable to the prescription of rations. The stinted discipline of the mess, the greater attention paid to the cleanliness of the camp and the habits of the soldiers, relief from confinement, and the health of the regiment. A man stands a chance of being shot for pieces of pieces bone or of the regular diet in the volunteer service. Thus, Commissary stores have left weight with thoughtful men who are intending to enter the service of their country.

An officer of the regular army sends us the following communication on this subject:

MR. EDITOR—I HAVE JUST BEEN IN THE ARMY for nearly thirty years, and have seen much service, invasion and quelling her best blood shed in the Mexican war, and have been in the field when the Union was gained by the ending, or when seemed to be gained by the ending, of which the Mexican War, I have been recent scarcity more than less than the Mexican war, and I have seen the every day where outnumbered. Casey's division, which commenced the battle on the left, on last battle, consisted of 11 regiments, as it commenced the battle on the left, on the 31st of last month. Yet all those regiments have either received, or are entitled to receive, from one thousand to two thousand dollars each, for their services rendered in the battle of Fair Oaks. Of course, I am not aware of the certain payments, names, donations and the whole amount of \$20,000 which is the aggregate allotment of the public to another fact. Of the 11 regiments engaged in the battle of the 31st of last month, I am informed that the regular army, we have not heard of any donation from the rebels, and, as far as I am informed, not to the case that no amount, all or little come out of the rebels, and, as far as I am informed, It is unknown to the gentlemen discipline of the regular army, that the rebels, as far as I am informed, not to such as a mean, that no more than the rebels, as far as I am informed, not to such as a mean, that no more than the rebels, as far as I am informed, not to such as a mean, that no more than

The Portland Transcript

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

BY

ELWELL, TICKNOR & CO.,

At No. 32 Exchange Street, - - - [Post Office] PORTLAND, MAINE.

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We have made arrangements with the publishers of various periodicals, by which we are enabled to furnish them at the following greatly reduced club prices:

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TERMS FOR THE TRANSCRIPT.—Our paper may always be known as the Transcript. Its terms are as follows: A. Withers & Co., Washington Street, Portland; A. Williams & Co., Boston; Dexter & Brother, New York. All sums of one hundred cents or over, the Transcript can be supplied to the trade.

PRODUCE MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE TRANSCRIPT EVERY WEEK.

Apples, prm. $@1 | Meal 5 @ 5c
Beans, pea $2 00 @ 2 25 | Mutton 5 @ 6c
" mixed, 1 @ 1 50 | Oats 37 @ 40c
Beans, pea $2 00 @ 2 25 | Lamb 6 @ 7c
" mixed, 1 @ 1 50 | Pork 5 @ 6c
Butter, firkin 10 @ 12c | Potatoes 25 @ 30c
" roll 14 @ 16c | Rye 75 @ 80c
Cheese 7 @ 8c | Sausages 10 @ 12c
Chickens 8 @ 12c | Salt $2 50 @ 3 00
Corn 50 @ 55c | Shorts & Southern Feed $1 @ 1 10
Eggs per dozen 12 @ 14c | Shingles, Cedar $3 @ 3 50
Geese 9 @ 10c | Spruce $2 @ 2 50
Hay $ 12 @ 15 | Turkeys 12 @ 14c
Hides 6 @ 7c | Veal 5 @ 6c
Hirtion Pressed Hay $12 to $15

BRIGHTON MARKET.

Reported Expressly for the Transcript

At market 1322 Beef Cattle, 50 Stores, 1950 Sheep and Lambs, and 1000 Swine.

Beef Cattle—Extra, $6 75; first quality $6@, second quality 5 00, third quality 5 @5.

Working Oxen—$80, 85, 90, 100, 110.

Milch Cows—$40 55, common $25 @ 30.

Stores—Yearlings, $12 @ 13; two years old, 20, 25, 30.

Veal Calves—$4 00 @ 5 00.

Sheep and Lambs—Prime lots, $5 @ 5 50; common do, 4 @ 4 50. Extra—Sheared $4 @ 4 50.

Swine—Sticks, wholesale 5 @ 5½; retail 5 @ 6c.

Remarks—Owing to the large number of Cattle at market, prices were dull and 25 @ 50c lower. Sheep and Lambs generally were higher than last week. Swine and a shade higher, the supply of any market.

To Correspondents.

"Jim Fentress" on file

"Verity," etc., not fit.

"Mount and Farmer" in our next.

Letters received by Gov. H. Morrison, Hallowell, from Gov. Kent, Bangor, Gov. Hubbard, Augusta, and Jamie Hamilton, late of Boston.

—That hue of strawberries from our friend E. B. Forbes, of Stevens' Plains, was a real treat. They were large and luscious, and made a nice addition to our evening meal. It is evident Mr. Forbes knows how to raise big strawberries, and how to make good use of them!

—THE ESTATE of D. H. Forbes, Esq., on Danforth street, has been sold to Mr. H. F. Storer, for $31,500, considered to be a great bargain, being only a shilling per foot for the land to say nothing about the buildings.

—Our city has been honored this week with a visit from a large number of professional gentlemen in the practical pickaxe and house-breaking line. We think, however, they did not succeed in doing a large business, as some of them were forward and first back to Boston.

—A DETACHMENT of the 17th U. S. Regiment marched into town from Fort Preble, on Tuesday afternoon, the excellent music of their band and the soldierly bearing of the men adding much to the lively stir of the streets.

—Young America will find a large assortment of fireworks for the 4th of July, at Smith & Boyd's, under Mechanics Hall. See advertisement.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, 22d inst., by Rev. Dr. Cummings, Mr. Daniel Proctor, of Hallowell, to Miss Harriett O. Bisbee, of Portland, formerly of Bath.

In this city, 22d inst., by Rev. Henry D. Moore, Mr. Charles F. Gage, son of Hon. Nathaniel Gage, of Lewiston, to Miss Mary Ann Cross, of Portland.

In this city, 23d inst., by Rev. Mr. John T. Thompson, of Stockton, to Miss Lizzie Sawyer, of Lexington.

In Augusta, 17th inst., by Samuel Patten, to Miss Margaret W. Lovett, both of A.

In Hallowell, 17th inst., by Benjamin F. Prout, of Augusta, to Miss Mary Ann Bowman, of H.

In Fayette, 13th inst., Reuben Dean, Esq., of Readfield, to Miss Mary Ann Hamlin, of Fayette.

In Buckfield, 15th inst., by Rev. Mr. Hall, Mr. Joseph Bisbee, of Paris, to Miss Mary Ann Bisbee, of Buckfield.

In Mechanic Falls, 12th inst., Mr. Charles H. Cobb, of Minot, to Miss Mary A. Bisbee, of Mechanic Falls.

In Auburn, 16th inst., by Rev. Mr. Hall, Mr. Moses Mann, of Auburn, to Miss Mary Ann Cook, of Minot.

In Auburn, 16th inst., by Rev. Mr. Hall, Mr. Alonzo Merrill, of Auburn, to Miss Mary Ann Merrill, of Auburn.

In Auburn, 16th inst., by Rev. Mr. Hall, Mr. Joseph Merrill, of Auburn, to Miss Mary Ann Merrill, of Auburn.

In Auburn, 16th inst., by Rev. Mr. Hall, Mr. Charles H. Dutch, of Auburn, to Miss Mary Ann Dutch

Poet's Corner.

THE IRISH PICNIC.

BY MICHAEL MULLARDOON, OF THE 9TH CONNECTICUT.

I'm thinking in the yard, Biddy,
With not a copper cent,
And alone, spotless as the grass,
Is all the money I own.
Me purse is as a shadow now,
I'm rotted to the bone;
And what I'm after spaking out,
I find meself alone.

This fourteen shanteens a quart, Biddy,
A quare and bastely thing,
With whisky choice all the past,
And cameras in the spring.
To raise the bob place down below?
And now ye after live
I'd throw sumpsheens—but then
He awful warrum too

The only room I see, Biddy,
In one stand six, sarkers,
And there's fornint the very chest
It was locked before;
The weskidee place deep the bed
That's swelling to the tooth,
And there's the pants there
Tree tie only month.

It's fool for shame I am Biddy,
And drowns drunk All be,
If there only ovder over there
Would only into me floor;
But wise I was spoked a shtump,
And strike to get more.

A rooster had her cocks' starlight —
Ye kit me restless now.

He pe I'll like to see, Biddy,
A shpankin' here wit me,
And then, sweetness, hear pe say,
"Ah-shin—Pat—mackree"!
"Oh, Biddy, darlint," then says I,
Sorr'ys, "get out of that!"
Says I, "me arrum mane your waist,"
Says yes, "Be decent, dad."

And here's the pipe and darbo, Biddy,
Ye there I think of, shure,
That looked as lonesome and shtarin
Upon the time flure.
The shure pre are stay with the pit
That I'd as in me bo,
And take him wit the best, because
I've tended he take his pee.

When I come home again, Biddy,
A subject tired and there
It's pass a spoon home pe hand,
And that I shpare ye pea.
We'll have a parlor, bedroom, hall,
A flush pind entry door,
And shtairs—I'll have a shtairs pelah,
And stairs—all to meself.

But, mother! there's a knife, Biddy,
That's empty round a tree,
And what I know the carving is there
To have a shot at me.
Then, Biddy darlint, say pare pay'rs
And handy pe darbo pan,
Here—be be jabers, Biddy, dear,
I've broke the ugly pan.

Fun and Sentiment.

—Adversity borrows its sharpest sting from our imprudence.

—Slander not others because they have slandered you; bite not a reptile because you have had his bite.

—A man may stir up the fire with an umbrella, but he cannot keep the men off his person with a poker.

—In those days when sucks are fashionable female economy, a gentleman may be thankful to the lady who gives him the sock and its contents.

—A young old bachelor says that Adam's wife was called Eve because, when she appeared, man's day of happiness was first dawning on a clam.

—The art of killing makes wonderful progress, but the art of preserving life is probably as little understood now as it was a thousand years ago.

THE JUDGE'S FATHER.—"Oh, God, be kind to the wicked; to the good Thou hast already been sufficiently kind in making them good.

—A man, praising parlor, said it was so excellent a heritage that it always made him fat. "I have seen the time," said another, "when it made you lean."—"When" asked the colleged. "Why, last year against a lamp post."

—A little girl three years, from beyond the Mississippi, who had never seen an apple-tree in full bloom, beheld one in Ohio. She lifted her hands in the attitude of devotion, and exclaimed, "See God's big bouquet!"

—They tell the story of a young lady of temperate habits in Portsmouth, who was advised by her physician to take ale to strengthen her age. She brought a quart bottle of the article, and drank a teaspoonful twice a day in a number of water.

Fact and Fancy.

HOW SOME PEOPLE GET SUCH GOOD RECOMMENDATIONS.—A stranger came to the parish of X——, bringing an immensely strong certificate from the parish of Y——, in which he had been teacher. On the strength of this certificate, the people of X—— employed him in their vacant school. The teacher began his work speedily, and proved worth nothing—but stupid and useless. One of the people X—— met a resident of Y——, and inquired, with some indignation, what on earth the people of Y—— meant in giving such a flaming certificate to an utterly incapable man. The reply was: "We gave that certificate to get him off our hands, and let me tell you, you people of X—— may have to pay him a far higher character before you get rid of him."

A SECULAR RUMOR.—A couple of raw lads from the country were out one evening seeing the lions of New York city, when they came across one of the firemen. Said

"I say, Jake" said the eldest, who prided in the appellation of Jonathan, "I've heard tell of these diamers, and root or die I'm bound to see one of 'em."

But Jake didn't seem disposed to go, and an agreement was made that he should sit upon a fire-plug and smoke a cigar, while Jonathan took a peep at the shindig. He accordingly bought a ticket, went in, and in about fifteen minutes returned with a wild gang Whoop.

"What is it Ike?" inquired Jake.

"A regular sell," said Jonathan,—"They've got a great big putter stuck up agin the wall, and a lot of fellers diddling before it, and if I'm a dod darned if they don't all use three!"

—Somebody wrote to the editor of the Berryan Review for a letter of advice as to billiards, to whom the editor replied as follows: "Dear sir, we are not good at about billiards. It is a game consisting of two men in their shirt sleeves, punching balls about in a room, and promising the keeper of the table with fifteen cents—or as it most commonly happens in this country, raising him to more—to cease. Your humble servant has been in the same line to sale of ballard-markers. If you have a decided genius for the game, you will make a superior player at a salary of about $300. Blackmiths, carpenters, etc., play in the evening, and the keeper of a saloon, saloon keeper, who was not satisfied with the profit on whiskey, and was too much opposed to temperance to sell it."

DECIDEDLY COOL.—An Arkansas volunteer in the Mexican war, riding on horseback, came across an Illinoisian who was also in the line. The Illinoisian told him he was wounded, and asked to be taken up and carried out of danger. "Arkansas" placed him on behind his saddle, and insisted him to himself with a tender stop. While they were passing from danger, a grape shot took "Illinois" head off, but "Arkansas" thought he had only taunted from fatigue and pain. When a halt was announced, the boneless remained his charge, and seeing his head was gone, exclaimed, "Well, these Illinoisians are the greatest fools. Here's a mand with his head cut off, when he told me he was only shot in the leg. You coat believe a word these fellers say."

—In a certain "down-down's judge, who being a widower, always accompanied his wife to church. One summer afternoon, while she was intently upon the sermon, and the judge was having a quiet snooze, she discovered a grasshopper on her dress—Fixing it off, she gently nudged the drowsy judge, and in a whisper threw the intruder into his side. He took it with eyes half open, and supposing it to be a clove, quite unceremoniously bit it in two.

—The Romans placed the breath next in sacredness to the altar. They were always ready to battle *pro aris et focis*; "put hunger pennyroyal," says Dr. O. W. Holmes, "nothing to a battle for a bee-hive furnace, or making a desperate stand with your back against a store pipe."

—An orchin in a country school, was reading the runs in the New Testament which reads thus:—"And he saw Alexhius the son of, with Lazarus in his bosom." The boy grossly spoiled it at that:—"And he saw a brown-stur-of-with leather- ears in-Boston!"

Guipmas, &c.

For the Portland Transcript.

ENIGMA

Composed of 25 letters.
My 1 2 3 4 5 is a measure.
My 6 7 8 9 10 is a kind of sewing aquest.
My 11 12 13 is a pronoun.
My 14 15 16 is a verb.
My 17 18 is a preposition.
My 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 is a river.
My whole is an exclamation of surprise.
My whole is an emblem of freedom.

For the Portland Transcript.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.

ANSWERS NEXT WEEK.

ANSWERS TO THE LAST.

To Military Solitaire.—Rivers, Rhine, Rappahannock, Rubicon, Rio Grande, Rubicon.

To Illustrated Rebus—The Morris-a-nic & Queen Co. Railroad will run Excursion Trains to Lake Ontario this week. [The Monticello and Queen of the West make excursions to Lake Ontario this week.]

SILK MANTILLAS.

We are daily receiving SILK GARMENTS of rich and fashionable styles.

Should no one needs of silk suit hearty 20 lbs. that the styles are the latest and best, and the prices very low.

C. W. ROBINSON & CO.

Corner of Congress and Preble Sts.

NOTICE.—Another Lot of Ladies' and Gents' Rubber Boots, Shoes and Overs, just received. Also, a splendid lot of Men's Calf Boots, Oil Coats and Leggins, for sale by

JOSEPH HAWES, 70 Commercial Street.

A MOTHER'S WORD OF CHEER RECEIVED.

Wheeler & Wilson's Improved

SEWING MACHINES!

Please call and examine them or send for a circular. Office, 335 Congress Street.

Portland, Me.

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New York Life Ins. Co.

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Twelve Hundred Thousand Dollars

Are in cash in the office, *before and since January* last paid to Claimants in the United States, and others in foreign countries, and this company has never yet had a claim disputed or compromised by any other than the payment of the sum insured.

Notice Exemption—Company is in Risks and only investments, characteristic of Safety.

It is a matter of mutual congratulation, all to policy holding obliged among the Assured, that

THE NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Have, since 1845, INCREASED and ADDED just as rapidly as the business of Life Insurance would warrant, and that they are now prepared to offer to the insuring public the most liberal and favorable terms on the most approved plans.

Policies issued on the Non-forfeiture Plan, by which the Assured, after the payment of two annual premiums, can at any time surrender his policy and receive a paid-up policy for a proportionate amount.

Policies issued on the Endowment Plan, by which the Assured receives the amount insured at the end of a specified number of years.

Policies issued on the Life Plan, by which the Assured receives annually a dividend of the profits.

Policies issued on the Joint Life Plan, by which two persons may insure their lives for the benefit of the survivor.

Policies issued on the Children's Endowment Plan, by which a child may be insured for the benefit of the parent.

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Policies issued on the Survivorship Plan, by which the Assured receives a fixed annuity for life, and the amount insured is paid to his heirs at his death.

Policies issued on the Reversionary Plan, by which the Assured receives a fixed annuity for life, and the amount insured is paid to his heirs at his death.

Policies issued on the Term Plan, by which the Assured receives the amount insured if he dies within the specified time.

**Policies issued on the Single Premium